

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Divided from her selfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd
Will nothing sticke our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his list
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-bears your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuse we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry, *A noise within.*
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me bastard,
Cries

Prince of Denmarke.

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens't: let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Divell,
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certa
Of your deare father, is't writ in your revenge,
That soop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my arm
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guilt lesse of your fathers death,

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